

The Durant Weekly News

By E. M. EVANS

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TUESDAY'S ELECTION

When Commodore Perry defeated the British in a great naval battle on Lake Erie he told of his victory in this city. "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

The News can work that dispatch over slightly and make it express what happened Tuesday to some of us who thought we could match votes with the Farmer-Labor Union. We have met the enemy and we are theirs. They literally blew us out of water; scuttled our old political scow and left us high and dry on the banks of Salt creek.

But it's alright. They did it in a fair fight, and they are entitled to all the glory that goes with victory. The News wants its farmer and labor friends to know that the family fuss is over as far as it is concerned, and it is now with them to make unrelenting warfare on our common enemy—the party symbolical of big elephants, big trusts and big graft. The Republicans. Let us all forget our family differences and line up for a rip-roaring victory in November that will tell the world in no uncertain tone that Oklahoma has too much agricultural pride to elect as its governor an "agricultural expert" who tried to tell our farmers through his foreign owned farm paper that cotton with pink blooms was superior to cotton with white blooms.

SURPLUS LABOR IN OKLAHOMA TOWNS

During recent hard times there has been nothing for many to do. This has been a serious loss to the idle, and to the community of which they are a part. Besides, it has greatly increased the general discontent.

The only permanent cure for this state of affairs is work, something for all to do which will reward the workers and serve the community.

Mr. Ford is advocating the organization of our agricultural communities on something like the French system: farmers living not upon their fields, but in villages and towns; all the population joining in the work in the fields during the cropping season, and all engaging in manufactures in the towns during the remainder of the time. Mr. Ford, more than any other one person, has helped to solve the transportation problem involved in this plan. The reader movement which the automobile now makes possible has removed objection on the score of loss of time required in going back and forth. Such is now negligible.

What do you think of this plan? What better plan have you to suggest which will both keep the tillers of the soil busy at profitable employment all the year round, and at the same time utilize the surplus labor which is a cumulating in the towns?

Unemployed town labor is coming to be an even more serious burden upon our civilization than is the unemployment of the farming population during slack seasons of the year. The loss from both of these sources will cripple our civilization so long as it continues. What shall be done?

Some commodities cannot be economically manufactured in small factories, but others can. Each of our communities has raw material within reach which can be profitably manufactured locally. What should our town do?

THE STOLEN AUTOMOBILE

There is complaint in every section of the country about automobile thefts. An automobile is easily stolen, and it is easily carried from one part of the country to another. Apparently it is an easy matter to find a market for them.

When you buy a piece of real estate, you get a perfect title to it. Your lawyers trace the ownership of the land back to the original owner.

Why not do this with an automobile?

When you buy a new automobile, you get a perfect title. You know it came from the factory direct to the authorized dealer.

But when you buy a second-hand car you ought to get a perfect title, a statement showing every owner of the car from the day it left the factory. If you will do this you will be protected.

There would not be so many cars stolen if there was no market for them. If buyers of cars will insist on perfect titles there will soon be no market for stolen cars, and the thefts will stop.

THESE TIMES

People, and especially older people, are proud to talk about "the good old times." As we grow older we forget the unpleasant features of other days and remember only the good things.

But we are probably mistaken. The old times were not a bit better than present times. There was just as much sin and trouble in the world then as now, just as much sorrow and disappointment, just as much greed and jealousy, just as much wickedness of every kind.

But even if the old times were better, does it do any good to talk about them and sigh for them and pine for them?

What are you going to make the present time better? That is the question. The discontent that makes us sigh for better things is worth, while, hopeless complaining is worse than useless.

CARELESSNESS

Man has conquered the wild animals, built houses to check destroying floods, improved electricity and in a hundred ways has made the world better. He has not, however, conquered his own carelessness.

Man's scientific, agricultural and cold storage systems are checking the ravages of famine. We have cyclone shelters, counteracting the wind. Freezing cold loses its terrors before modern furnace systems. Law curbs theft and murder by our fellows.

Germans are about the only instruments of the Great Destroyer left at large. Science is slowly but surely conquering them.

Nine tenths of their death-dealing power is due to human carelessness, taking chances with health, overeating, worry, exposure, exhaustion.

AN ARMED CAMP

The figures compiled by Germany and presented to the Genoa conference show that there are nearly five million men now under arms in Europe. This staggering total exceeds by one million the standing armies of 1913 when the world was dancing on the brink of war.

They need all their available manpower for employment in productive industry. Their tax-ridden citizens are not able to carry the enormous burdens of too heavy military establishments.

Everybody is agreed that the situation cannot be endured much longer but nobody knows what will be done to bring about relief.

FOOLISH BIG JOB

All England is talking about the feat of Thomas Hamilton, of Sundey. He built a house all by himself. The building, 40 by 110 feet, will be used for a moving picture theatre. Hamilton dug the foundation, laid all the brick, put on the roof, installed all the fixtures and put on all the finishing touches, without help of any kind. He was on the job not quite two years.

English people think Hamilton did a big thing. But Americans will think he did a foolish thing.

An American would have hired half a dozen men to help him and completed the whole job in a couple of months or so, and would have been collecting rent for more than eighteen months by now.

ELECTRICITY ON FARMS

A third of the farm land in Sweden now uses electricity for power. Farmers over there are beginning to make inquiries about electric plows and harrows. Many of them use electric saws to cut their firewood and lumber. Some even have electric elevators that lift whole wagonloads of hay and grain to the mow.

Swedish government officials predict it will be only a few years until practically the whole country will be on an electrical basis.

Where does the power come from? Usually, from large water plants. But many Swedish farmers dam small streams and use the falling water to generate their own. It probably will not be long until farmers in most sections of the country will be doing the same thing.

GET ALL THE FACTS

A man began distributing free ice in New York's east side the other day and the police arrested him. In court the judge dismissed the case.

Before the radicals get excited at this and begin foaming at the mouth they should be informed that the ice man was arrested for obstructing traffic and not for giving away ice.

Yet, years hence, soap box orators may refer to the "man who was arrested for distributing free ice to the poor."

Most of the "great outrages" are not outrages at all when the full story is told.

Taking snap judgment is dangerous. The individual, acting as a jury should not form opinions until all the evidence is presented.

GETTING RICH QUICK

A Chicago postoffice inspector ran across a letter which offered: "Genuine Canadian rye, \$8 a quart. Only a limited supply. Sent by registered mail."

The inspector sent the money and got a quart of rye grain. The two ambitious gentlemen who sent the letter were taken into custody, charged with using the mails to defraud.

This is the best swindle since the fakers who advertised a genuine steel engraving of George Washington for \$5— and filled orders with two cent stamps.

DROP IN BOOZE DEATHS

Notwithstanding the talk about the poisonous liquor that the bootleggers are selling, the doctors report that there are four-fifths fewer deaths in New York city than in the old saloon days. The same ratio holds good throughout the country.

New York police add that arrests for drunkenness now are one-third less than in 1913. The national situation is similar.

But still there are people who claim to believe that "There's more drunkenness now than ever before." It simply isn't so.

DEATH OF A PIONEER

George Jackson, one of the pioneers of the Klondike, died at his home in Vancouver, B. C., at the age of 78. He had discovered his den in the Yukon in 1897, and he had been in the Yukon for 25 years. He was a very old man, and he was very rich. He had made his money in the Klondike, and he had made it in a very honest way. He had been a pioneer, and he had been a pioneer for 25 years.

With the best of his time, he had made his money in the Klondike, and he had made it in a very honest way. He had been a pioneer, and he had been a pioneer for 25 years. He had made his money in the Klondike, and he had made it in a very honest way. He had been a pioneer, and he had been a pioneer for 25 years.

Many a political boon has ended in a dull thud.

Behold how a small strike can stir up a big country.

And something, too, the way of the law-abiding is hard.

The man who has plenty of push doesn't need any pull.

It begins to look as if they have Ku Klux in Germany, too.

Deceive the children, and they will soon learn to deceive you.

This is the time of year when some of us are most fond of winter.

"As a man thinketh so is he," unless his wife changes his mind.

We never know how weak some men are until they attain prosperity.

It begins to look as if only cold weather will end the coal strike.

Congress, being unable to pass the buck, may finally pass the bonus bill.

It looks as if some candidates are trying to build their platforms of mud.

Some people seem to think it is more blessed to give than to receive advice.

Home brew can be made, of course, but it isn't fit to drink after it is made.

The fondness of the Turks for war is explained. The average Turk has four wives.

With these modern bathing suits in vogue, we might as well call it the "see" shore.

Isn't it about time for some women to offer her seat to a man in a crowded street car?

Sometimes a woman makes a fool of a man, but more often he attends to the job himself.

Sometimes a man works at night at the office, and then again that is what he tells his wife.

Now would be a good time to steal a march on your neighbors and put in your winter coal.

You may laugh if you like, but the chief prohibition officer in this country is named Nuts.

The girl who makes a friend and confidant of her father never winds up in a rescue home.

Talking about clean politics, a New York candidate is distributing cakes of soap bearing his name.

No sort of excuse will atone for a job poorly done. If it is worth doing at all it is worth doing well.

Another cause of trouble is that so many people seem to think it is a capital offense to have money.

There are different kinds of club women. An Omaha pugilist has secured a divorce because his wife beat him up.

Eight hundred army officers are to be retired. Which means that enlisted men won't have so much saluting to do.

Rabe Ruth may console himself with the thought that he won't have to pay so much income tax this year as last year.

The modern girl can make fudge and mayonnaise dressing, but young married people can't live on those two things alone.

The latest fault found with Ambassador Harvey is that his legs are so spindly that he does not look well in knee breeches.

Attorney General Daugherty says he wouldn't quit his job for a million dollars. And we don't suppose any body will raise his bid.

The best advice handed out in a long time, according to an exchange, "is to live that you won't ask to have it kept out of the papers."

A favorite sport in this country is for the people of one section to rejoice that they are more law abiding than the people of some other sections.

A correspondent wants to know how to make tight shoes comfortable. Take them off and put them under the bed, and then put on an old pair of slippers.

THE OFFICE CAT

Young Man—Please come out in the garden with me.
 Fair Coed—Oh no, I mustn't go out without a charabanc.
 Young Man—But we don't need one.
 Fair Coed—Then I don't want to go.

A Chicago professor says the world has been ruled by women for 10,000 years. We had thought the world was older than that.

I don't particularly feel it, but I must be getting old," sighs Bill Spivens. "I went over and saw No. 4 go through the other day and didn't get a single thrill out of it. I found a Nick Carter novel not long ago. I soon cast it aside and hunted up Hick's almanac. I am just waiting blackberry time to see if chiggers will still make me scratch. I am rather anxious about this test," he adds.

INSTRUCTIONS

"Officers, there will be a crowd at the hall."

"Yes, sir."

"Ladies first."

"Does that include girls in knickerbockers?"

Bill Spivens says it's better to have father and son meetings at the church than in the woodshed.

The man whose credit is bad has one big advantage. It's hard for him to get far into debt.

WASTE OF MONEY

Broker's wife—I think it's awfully foolish of you to pay so much for a seat in the stock exchange. Every time I drop in to see you I find you either standing up or walking about.

Money brings so little happiness to those who have it that I can't think it will be the currency in our next existence.

Bill Spivens says thinking and high kicking are the things that are sending this country to the bow-wows.

OR 9 LIVE WIRE

"He's an amateur Edison. His house is full of home made electrical devices."

"A regular electric fan, eh?"

A skull half an inch thick found in Arizona will be sent to Washington. That's nothing new, though most of them are.

"Why is it that you have never married, Sam?" asked the white woman of the shiftless colored man who did odd jobs for her. "Won't any of the girls have you?"

"Oh, yas'm they'd have me all right replied Sam. "But it's this-a-way. When I feels like gettin' married, I ain't got no \$2 for a license. And when I has \$2 I feels too right to get married."

Best results are always obtained by yielding the right of way to a railroad train, a street car, or heavy truck.

A Kansas paper says the best way to invest in oil stock is to get a tin can, carefully place it in your money then sneak out in the back yard and bury it under a couple of feet of mother earth. We add our recommendation to this plan.

IN A GLASS CAGE

"She has always led a sheltered life."

"An heiress?"

"Ticket seller at a movie show."

Bill Spivens says when a man is called upon to pay the price of his folly, he feels like asking for a rebate.

Ikey and Izzy were separating after an evening together, when Ikey said:

"Au revoir."

"Vot's dat?" ask Izzy.

"Dat's 'good-by' in French."

"Vell," said Izzy, "Carbolic acid."

"Vot's dat?" asked Ikey.

"Dat's 'good-by' in any language."

Bill Spivens says apparently there is no way to cut the pattern of peace without having a few scraps left over.

EXPLICIT

Chief Justice Taft, a great reader, was discussing books at a dinner party in Washington:

"This high-brow talk about style," he said, "amused me. Style usually means affectation. The best writers have no style. It's as if they were taking to you."

"Stylists are always looking for trouble. One of them entered a drug store the other day and asked for a man's comb."

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" said the attendant.

"The stylist gave a disgusted laugh."

"No," she said. I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

Now they are going to tattoo society women. What? Another skin game.

MOTOR BOATING

"What's that mean?"

"What?"

"Oil can at the masthead."

"Gasoline signal of distress."

There's this about the musical numbers of a radio program: There are no encores, gargles Bill Spivens.

Still, I do agree with neighbor Henry, who is positive that his garage man employs only one mechanic and six bookkeepers.

ITEMS FROM PLATTER

Too late for last week. Quite a number from here attended the F. L. U. picnic at Mead Friday.

Mrs. Hatcher and children left Thursday for Tennessee where they will spend a few weeks visiting relatives.

Mr. White of Durant was in Platte Friday.

Hub Fisher returned home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Washer and family of Acidie spent Saturday and Sunday with their son Melvin here.

PRGMENT CITIZEN DIES

A. D. Riddle, aged 63 years, died last Friday at the family home at Banty. Funeral services were conducted Sunday afternoon, at the cemetery at Armstrong Academy. Besides his wife, deceased leaves two sons, O. D. Riddle, of Goodland, and Jeff Riddle, of Banty. A sister lives in Phoenix, Arizona.

Deceased was one of the county's best known citizens. He was a member of the Masonic lodge, and funeral services were under the auspices of that order.

GONE TO REST

Albany, Okla.

On July 13th the death angel visited our community and took from our midst a dear friend, Mrs. Sallie Wilson, wife of Mr. T. P. Wilson. She is survived by her husband, three children, father, mother, two sisters, some brothers and a host of friends, which mourn her loss. She died in the Sherman Hospital, was willing and ready to go. She bore her afflictions patiently. She was a member of the Methodist church, and active worker in the Ladies Home Mission Society. She was always ready to respond to the needy call and we, The Home Mission will miss her, but we know our loss is Heaven's gain and it will be just a short span until we will meet her in the great beyond, where there will be no more sickness, no more dying, no more tears to be shed, no more good-byes spoken and she is where God wipes all tears away.

Today we are resting assured that she is singing around that great white throne. She has just beat us in the battle we are fighting to win. God help us to be noble and true as she was.

The bereaved husband and children have our deepest heart felt sympathy and prayers and to the aged parents we say: Weep not as for those that have no hope.

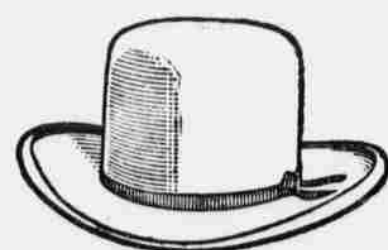
The remains were layed to rest in the Albany cemetery to await the resurrection morning.

Written by,
 The Ladies Home Mission Society.

COTTON LANDS

I have some of the choicest of land in Dawson and Gains Counties, Dawson being the banner Cotton county on the Plains. Small cash payment or if not convenient to make cash payment you might make deal by giving other security or Deeds of trust on other lands. No weevils, Good roads, schools and churches.

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